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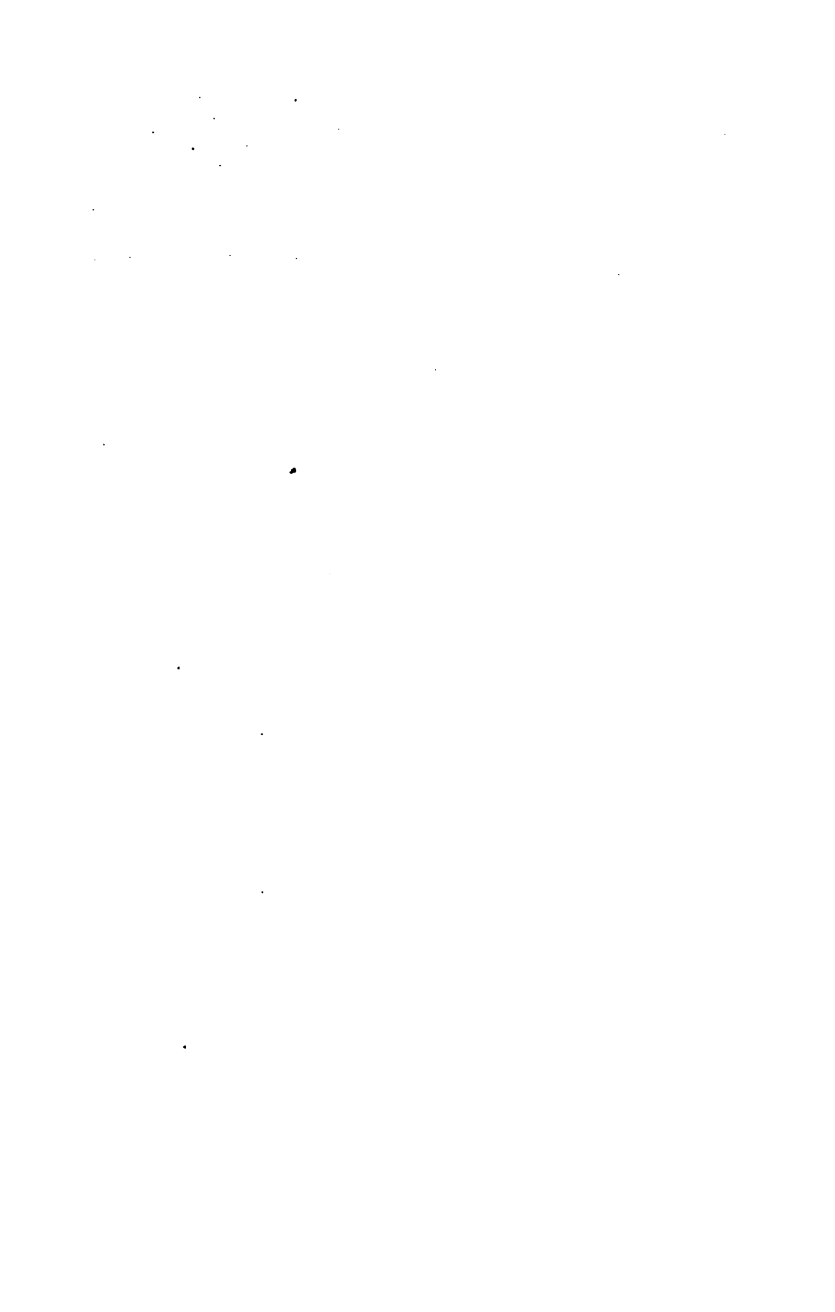
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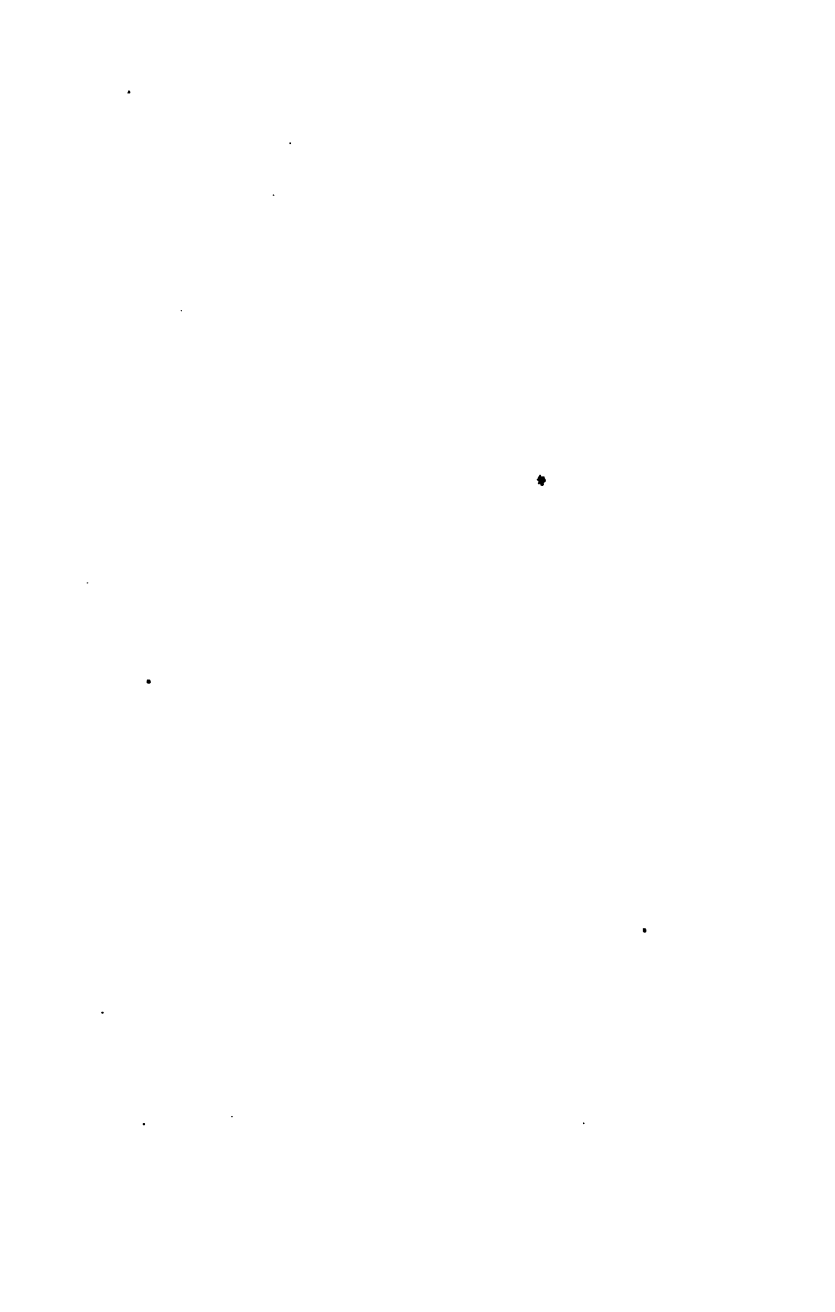
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THE
Path of a Sunbeam

W.WELDON CHAMPNEYS.M.A.







THE
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Path of a Sunbeam.

BY
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THE
PATH OF A SUNBEAM.

 CAN any one who saw it, ever forget that glorious sight, when the last great Comet passed, in the bright stillness of that summer's evening, in front of the star Arcturus ; when, as the sun went lower, the Comet with its long train of light came out more clear and bright, and that large fixed star, instead of being hidden or even dimmed by the Comet's haze, seemed to sparkle more brilliantly through the thin veil of shining mist? Can any one who saw this ever forget the sight? Will any

one who ever really knew him, forget that dear young Christian, FREDERICK WILLIAM GINGELL, whose body we laid in the quiet grave yesterday, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself?" Will any of the hundreds, who saw his course of heavenly brightness, ever forget how *he* also shone before us in the light of that Sun of Righteousness, towards which he drew so close, and from which the sweet calm light of his loving, blameless life was all derived?

I would humbly endeavour to fix upon my own memory and on yours such a

recollection of his character, as may help us to recall him ; and if,—like some painting upon glass, which, by the help of strong light sets before us once more a picture, though a faint and imperfect one, of that glorious Comet, which has sped its flight into distant regions,—this sketch should assist you to place before your mind again that dear one, who has passed to heaven,—if it should enable any who did not know him to learn something of his touching character,—if, through the blessing of Almighty God, it should stir up any who have begun to walk as he walked, to a closer walk with God,—if it should incline a single one, who knew him and loved him for the goodness which they saw in him, to go to that blessed Saviour in whom it has pleased the Father that

all fulness should dwell; and to ask in earnest prayer for that grace which made him what he was, and has taken him to be where he is;—then shall *I* have reason to bless God; and *he* who is now no more with us on earth would rejoice to think that his death has been made life to others;—his removal from earth the means of drawing some towards heaven.

It was my privilege (and I thank God, who in His good providence gave it to me) to know this dear young Christian *very* intimately. He was the much-loved and valued friend of my own sons, especially of my eldest, and I can truly say that, beyond the circle of my own family, there was no one I loved more dearly. Indeed, it was impossible *not* to love him.

There are some who think that religion

is a gloomy thing ; that it hangs heaven with crape ; that it brings a damp over cheerful spirits ; and that, like that deadly gas in the Grotto del Cane, joy cannot live, but swoons and dies in it. Never was there a greater, or more sad mistake than this. It is not religion, but the want of it, that makes men gloomy. It is true, indeed, that allowance must be made for differences in the temperament of our bodies and for our consequent temper, for temper depends much on our bodily temperament : the character of the matter, and of the peculiar arrangement and proportions of it in our bodies, which we call our "constitution," greatly affect and tinge our minds. The rays of the same sun, passing through the various coloured glass, stain the minster's floor with different colours. And the same

circumstances affect different persons in different ways, according to their bodily temperament ; the thoughts are differently tinted, according to the colour of the minds through which they pass. And so every true Christian is not equally cheerful ; because, as a man, the constitution of his mind and the temperament of his body are not the same ; the same sun's light that, in one man's case, passes through a clear bright glass, may, in another man's, pass through one that colours it with gloom, as blue changes the summer's landscape into winter's snow.

It is true also that men's *lives* have not been all the same. Some, "before the grace of Christ and the inspiration of His Spirit," have led a careless, and even worse than careless, life. Conscience has been tampered with ; Fancy has

been allowed to run wild, and has wandered into forbidden ground ; Memory has many a picture stored up of things that are *not* “pure, honest, lovely, and of good report.” All these, when the man “came to himself,” have been seen, felt, and acknowledged in humility before God: their guilt has been felt, their burden has been known, and has pressed heavily: they have sought forgiveness at the hand of their once-neglected and offended God, through the merits of that Saviour, whom they despised or so lightly regarded, but in whose death for them is now their only hope of life. And all this has been forgiven: all this, their great debt, is paid and cancelled; and, “being justified by faith, they have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Still Memory is often busy, and

will take down the pictures of the past ; Fancy *will* flit back, and, like the swallow, dip her wing in memories that cannot be destroyed. Such souls are often sad ; and such men walk “ softly many of their days ; ” not, indeed, in the bitterness of their soul, but in its humility. And though these, as Christians, often “ rejoice in Christ Jesus, through whom they have now received the atonement,” yet the past sometimes saddens them.

Still “ the ways of Wisdom ARE ways of pleasantness, and all HER paths are peace.” It is the duty of the Christian to “ rejoice in the Lord always.” “ The fruit of the Spirit is Love, and then Joy.” Who ever saw dear FREDERICK GINGELL without observing his bright and innocent cheerfulness ? Who will soon, if ever, forget his sweet, quiet,

happy smile? Not the forced and artificial smile of diplomacy, assumed to gain a purpose and win over an objector; not that smile, which often covers an aching heart, like the light of death and dampness that hovers over the grave and flits about the churchyard. His was that smile which told of inward peace, which was the outward light of a quiet conscience within; a brightness on the countenance that answered to the love of God and man within the heart. It was the smile which, while it told of peace with God, was the evidence of "good will towards men." It was the ready smile, that warmed the heart of the rough countryman in the market as it brightened the circle in the drawing-room. It was a smile that greeted the little one in his own Sunday-school, as

cordially and as truly as it met the face of his own elders, and those to whom he himself looked up, as his little ones did to him. His was not "the smile that had men's persons in admiration, because of advantage." He was not one of those who weigh men by what they *have*, but by what they *are*. He was himself "to God, his neighbour, and himself most true:" and his smile was like himself,—the true reflection of an inward brightness,—the cheerful look that was moulded by the cheerful heart. I have often watched him as he came, like a sunbeam, changing into his own brightness the path along which he moved. Many who knew and loved him for his bright and cheerful spirit, many who felt their own hearts lightened by it, did not know the deep source from

whence it sprang. We, who did know, rejoice to know that it rose, neither from levity of spirit, nor from mere buoyancy of natural temperament, still less from that mind which declines to know of others' troubles, lest it should mar or disturb its own enjoyment.

FREDERICK GINGELL's bright and cheerful spirit was that of the little child who loved all, and knew that God loved him. Therefore, in every innocent enjoyment he loved to share. Wherever he could be sure of having his heavenly Father's blessing and presence, there he went,—though *only* there. It was the sense of that blessing, and the happy consciousness of that Presence, that made him cheerful in duty as in pleasure; cheerful at work and at rest. It has been ascertained since his death,

that it was his habit, when he returned to the office for a short time, during the business of the day, to go into his room, if only for a few minutes. It was to pray to "his Father which seeth in secret;" and that Father, according to the promise of His Son, "rewarded him openly." He came forth to his work again with the peace of God over his spirit, and the light of God's countenance reflected upon his own. The keenness with which he enjoyed the sights which men call Nature's beauties was felt in his case, because he saw in them the finger-marks of his God. Let us not forget this streak of heavenly brightness, which has been allowed to throw itself across our path of life. Let us, who are Christians, learn of him the duty, as we have all seen in him the

blessedness, of a cheerful spirit. Nothing can commend our holy religion more effectually than this. The fountain from whence he drew is flowing still, as full and free as ever. Let us also go and draw.

There was another point in our dear young brother's character, which, I doubt not, struck all who knew him,—I mean, his beautiful **UNSELFISHNESS**. He was, in this, another Timothy. Of him might we truly say, as St. Paul said of that young and most dear disciple, "his own son after the common faith;" his true, his genuine son, as the Greek word means; "I know no man like-minded, who will *naturally* care for your state: for all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." (Philip. ii. 20-21.) It was then—it is now—

the general character of men, that "they seek their own." Men are taken up naturally with their own thoughts; pursuing their own interests, seeking their own pleasure; because they are "lovers of their own selves." This is, as a rule, the character of fallen man. "Every man for himself." "If we do not take care of ourselves, who will take care of us?" No man is required not to love himself. Husbands are commanded "to love their wives as their own bodies; for no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but loveth and cherisheth it." God Himself bids us "love our neighbour *as* ourselves." Men thus are required to love their neighbours. None can ever do this, none ever do this, who are taken up entirely with themselves. How can I respect my neighbour's rights

= when I am wholly occupied with enforcing my own? How can I care for
- my neighbour's interests, when the ob-
- ject that *fills* the field of my mind is ex-
clusively my own? How can I think
for others, who think only for myself?
How can I make way for another on the
path, who am set on pushing my own
way, and forcing off whatever withstands
my progress? How shall I see an op-
portunity of helping another, who have
no eyes to see at all, except in my own
matters, or in what advances my own
interest?

True unselfishness is not the absence
of any thought about ourselves, but it
is that which, from our very thoughts
about ourselves, leads us to think the
better about others. It is that which,
from the very understanding of what

we ourselves love and like, gathers what others would like and love. It is the spirit that throws itself into the circumstances and feelings of another; not because it has no feelings of its own, but because it has learnt, from those its own feelings, what others, in such circumstances, would desire.

A more lovely instance of this unselfish spirit than our dear young brother could not have been seen. With him, as with Timothy, it seemed a very instinct to think for others. "He *naturally* cared for their state." While others were taken up with themselves, seeking their own pleasure, he found, indeed, his pleasure, while they often missed it; but then he found it in GIVING PLEASURE. His heart, as has been beautifully said, in one of those

hymns he so dearly loved, was "at leisure from itself." So he had *time* to think for others, and he *USED* it. His gentle, loving spirit, watched for the opportunity to show kindness. He did not stay till opportunity came, and knocked at his door and *asked* for help. *His* door was always open; he saw the opportunity approaching in the distance, and did the kindness before he was asked, and often before the very person, to whom he showed it, had fully realised the need.

A poor woman in his neighbourhood was scarcely able to move about to her work, in consequence of a diseased leg. He visited her, and saw, at a glance, that she wanted proper medical help. He advised her to go and see a surgeon.

“ But I cannot walk there.”

“ I will come and drive you there.”

“ But I could not go in that way.”

“ I will bring a cab.”

The woman hesitated. She could not go.

“ What is it that prevents you?”

“ I have not the proper dress to go in.”

“ What is it you have not?”

She at last confessed that she had not a bonnet. He went himself, and at once bought her one; and took her in the cab to see the surgeon. With him, to see distress was to wish to relieve it; to wish, was to resolve; to resolve, was to do it: and, whatever difficulties might stand in the way, his thoughtful love, simple-hearted kindness and liberality, removed them.

Nor was it only in *great* things that this ready spirit acted, but in those countless lesser things, of which life is chiefly made up; those thousand acts of gentle courtesy and considerate attention which, set as they were like jewels, in the fair setting of loving words and loving looks, are now worn with such grateful memory by those to whom they were done.

When this point in his character was thoroughly known, you were almost afraid of mentioning in his hearing what you wished, lest it should seem as if you asked: for, as certainly as any want of any friend was known to him, so certain was it, if in his power, to be met. And when he gave a gift, or did a kindness, who does not now recall that sweet, happy look,—that bright, loving smile, which

said, as plainly as any words could tell you,—“*I am the happier in being able to show the kindness?*”

He was one who, in George Herbert's simple words,

“Counted all things less
Than the one joy of showing kindnesses.”

And truly it is so, that he who gives is more blessed than he who takes.

To receive is man's. To give, and never to receive, is God's. And they who, like dear FREDERICK GINGELL, in true, unselfish love, are ever conferring kindness, *do* taste of His joy, whose Holy Spirit is thus training them to be “perfect, even as their Father which is in heaven is perfect.” They are true followers of that Blessed One, who “*pleased not Himself.*”

The times in which our lot is cast are, as *we* think, remarkable. There is, indeed, in all of us, a tendency to exaggerate the importance of our own times, simply because they *are* the times in which we live; and we know nothing, by experience, of any other. It is quite natural that the little bit of time, lying between two eternities, which we call our life, should be all to us, and more, by far, than any other.

It is quite natural, therefore, that the circumstances and character of our own times should have an importance in our own eyes, which no other times can have. Still, allowing all proper deductions for these things, we cannot but think that the circumstances of our times are remarkable, and their character not ordinary.

The human mind is now being stirred to its depths. Science has advanced with giant strides. If we open an Encyclopædia, and read the articles on Magnetism, Galvanism, Electricity, and see, by those writings, what men knew twenty-five or thirty years ago, and then think what *we* know *now*, we shall see at what marvellous speed Science has advanced.

Everything is being closely sifted; men are digging down everywhere to the foundations; and, among other things, the Book of God is being tested, sifted, examined, as perhaps it never was before; — though not *always* by the candid and the competent. We have no fear for the Bible. We believe it to be God's Book; that "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the

HOLY GHOST ;” that “*all* Scripture is given by inspiration of God.” God will take care of His own Word and of His own Truth, as He ever has done. His Church is built on *that* “Rock, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail,” as they never have yet prevailed. Specious objections, made by men who, at least, ought to keep them to themselves till they have most carefully and thoroughly inquired, are sent forth, calculated to inject doubts into the minds of the young, and to put weapons into the hand of the scoffer ; and, in many instances, the respectability of the men who throw out these difficulties, their freedom from depravity, and the otherwise blameless uprightness of their conduct, give their opinions weight, especially with the young ;

who, while they assert their independence, and are most jealous to see and to resist the slightest attempt to dictate to them, are often strangely ready to surrender that independence, by adopting the views and opinions of those whom they admire ; just as universal suffrage elects its own absolute emperor.

Difficulties there are in God's Book ; and they are proofs that it is the Book of God. The wonder is, that when such a Being, " the High and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity," is speaking to such creatures as we men are, there should be so much that we can understand, not that there are some things that we cannot. " Secret things belong unto the Lord our God." There would be no trust in the father's wisdom, nor reliance on the father's kind-

ness, if the reason of his conduct and dealings were all made plain to the child. If my child were to say to me, "I shall not do what you bid me till you have explained fully to me why you bid me do it," I should at once feel that that child did not know his place, and had utterly lost sight of mine. Inaccuracies there must be in the perpetual transcription of the Book. The slightest divergence of the reed at once alters the Hebrew letter, and makes the number, which it represents, different. But if any man were to bring me a glassfull of gravel and sand, and say, with a triumphant air, "All this was extracted from one of your so-called hogs-heads of sugar; it is no sugar; it is sand and gravel;" would that be a proof? Am I not certain that in rolling

down those heavily-laden casks over the planks and sand, the staves must slightly gape, and let in some of the foreign element over which they passed? So certain am I that, in the course of ages, and of such constant reproduction, some inaccuracies have crept in: yet these very inaccuracies are evidence of the general truthfulness and accuracy of the Book.

How shall the young man be kept safe in such a time as this? How was our beloved departed brother kept? Did he believe God's Word? Believe it! Nay, he *knew* it to be true. It had *done* for him what it will do for every true-hearted and prayerful soul. It had told him of the Christ. As the Samaritan woman went to her townspeople, so the Evangelists had spoken to him and said, "Come and see a man who told me all

that ever I did;" and, like the men of that city, he listened, and went to see and hear for himself. "He searched the Scriptures," with prayer for the teaching of the Holy Ghost; and he was "taught of God." He "found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, JESUS THE SON OF GOD!" "He knew in whom he believed." Jesus was no mere personage of history to him,—no Being of the past,—no romantic fiction of the Fancy. He was a REALITY, ever present, ever near. He could say, "Now I believe, not because of another's word, but I have heard Him for myself. I know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world!" Through Him he had found pardon. In Him he had peace. He had lost himself and found Christ.

It was now "Christ to him to live," — self was swallowed up in Christ ; and the one object of his existence was "to live not to himself, but to Him that loved him and gave Himself for him."

What objections against the Bible could move *him*, who was now built upon the Rock ? what difficulties could perplex him, who *knew* in his own soul that the Book of God was true ; because it had done in him what no book *could* do, but that which has "God for its Author, Christ for its subject, and man's salvation, by the Holy Ghost, for its end and fruit ?" Can the light dust, that is driven by the wind against the solid wall of granite, *move* it ? Can the mists, that lie thick and damp in the valley, reach him who has climbed a path that is leading him upwards towards the mountain's

top, on whose glittering peak the clear sunlight is basking, above whose head the dark deep blue of heaven is spread, and below whose peak, "a thousand fathoms down," the thunder is crashing, the forked lightning plunging, and the torrents descending in the darkened vale. The soul that lives near to God,—that is feeding daily on God's Word,—that is "joined to the Lord," and is "one spirit with Him," cannot be moved *at all*—much less can be moved *away*—by any of those things which some men in their ignorance, and some, it is to be feared, in their malice, say against God's Word. That soul clings more closely to it because of these very things. "Because of men's works, which are done against the words of thy lips, I have kept me from the

ways of the destroyer." So did our beloved brother "keep himself, that that wicked one touched him not." How dearly did he love that word, with which God had quickened him ! How was it his meditation, his guide, and his counsellor ! See him at his early breakfast ; his beloved Bible by his side and his book of Hymns ; taking in nourishment for the soul during the hasty meal. I have seen that little Bible. Every glorious promise is marked and was made his own. It was believed with child-like simplicity. It was trusted in as the word of a loving Father, who wishes His children to have His blessings, and guides them to know what those blessings are which He wishes them to have, by the very promises which assure them, on His Royal Word, that they *shall* have

them for the asking. See him at his short midday meal and respite from work. The Book of God is by his side again. With him it was the first and great object of life to serve God : and when he went into the world's work, he went with God's word hid in his heart ; the spirit of His Book imbuing his spirit ; God's truth giving him truth in the inward parts, and keeping him unspotted from the world.

There are, in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

His common business, like the grotto
of Capri, was tinged with heaven's own

colour, because the light of his soul's glorious sun, passing through a transparently simple mind, purified and cleansed by the word and Spirit of God, was thrown upward and inward, lightening the darkness and tinting earth's busy work with heaven's own ray.

Search that Book, young man, as honestly and as prayerfully as *he* searched it, and you will assuredly know what he knew. And when once you *do* know it, you will be as surely and as immovably proof against *all* scepticism, as the once blind man was proof alike against questions and threats,—and for the same reason; *you* will be able to say, “ONE THING I KNOW, THAT WHEREAS I WAS BLIND, NOW I SEE.”

It is a singular and remarkable fact, that our dear young brother was aware

of his approaching dissolution. He had made his will a very few days before, and appointed his father his executor. How unlikely it would have seemed to us, that the bright and healthy young man should die the first,—the Christian son before his Christian father. In an edition of the Rev. J. C. Ryle's "Hymns for the Church on Earth," which he used to have with his Bible on the breakfast-table, many passages are marked which relate *exclusively* to death ; as, for example,—

" 'Tis but a *little* while: the way is weary ;
The night is dark: but we are nearing land.
Oh, for the rest of heaven ! for we are weary,
And long to mingle with the deathless band."

The day before his death he asked a young person after her father. She replied, " Thank you, sir, he is pretty well

for his great age." "Ah," he answered, "few of us will live to be as old as he! And though he is so old, does he still wish to live?" She replied, "He says he should like to lie down and die if he only felt fit." "Tell him from me," (said Frederick,) "that we are all fit, if we are in Jesus."

He lay awake all the night before his death till the cock-crowing.

On Thursday, the 5th of February, the very day of his death, he said to the coachman, who was driving him, "Eliott, I am going to tell you something that I don't wish you to repeat to any one: I shall not live long—*mark this!* and I don't think it will be many hours. I hope you will not say anything about it. You will promise me now that you will not, for my

sake. And there is another thing, Elliott, that I wish to impress upon you. Train up your two dear boys in the love and fear of God ; and what you are deficient in and don't know yourself, go down on your bended knees, ask and the Lord will help you."

Under this conviction of death being at the very doors, he went through his daily business in his usual bright, happy, cheerful spirit, having a kind word for every one.

Knowing that the Master's coming was so close at hand, he was neither slothful in business nor depressed in spirit. It was not a sorrowful thought to him that he was soon "to depart and be with Christ, which is far, far better" (*πολλῷ μᾶλλον κρείσσον*). It is not a thought of terror or of regret to the

loving child that he is going home. The sound of the wheels of the carriage that is to convey him, brings only joy to him. He who gave "to every man his work," expects His servants to be about that work when He comes ; and "blessed are those servants whom their Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing."

He returned to his father's house in the evening. At dinner he expressed his conviction that he should die suddenly. After dinner, as they were sitting round the table, his head dropped heavily on the table ; and, without a sigh, a groan, a movement, or any consciousness, the bright, loving, gentle, unselfish spirit, which, by the grace of God, made FREDERICK GINGELL what he was, passed into His presence, whom, having not seen, he so dearly

and truly loved. For him we only rejoice : for his dear bereaved family we mourn. For what he was we bless God. May He make us all like him ! For I can wish for nothing better, and scarcely anything higher, for those I love the best on earth, than that they may be like FREDERICK GINGELL ; like him in his transparent simplicity, in his bright cheerfulness, in his purity of thought and life, and in his beautiful unselfishness ; — like him in his child-like love to God, in his trust in Christ, and entire confidence in the power of the Blessed Spirit ; — like him in his readiness to every good work, in his love to all men, — in that large-hearted affection which has made the rough carters of the hay-market mourn as truly, with their manly sorrow, as

the many young men who knew and loved him, are mourning for him; as a wide circle of friends, as his much-loved family, mourn *their own* loss, even while believing *his* gain.

He had visited, during severe illness, the son of a poor Roman Catholic woman in his own neighbourhood. His considerate love provided every little comfort that the poor boy's body needed, and his yearning spirit sought by that boy's bedside the grace of God's Spirit for the soul of the afflicted boy. When that poor woman heard of the sudden removal of her own and her child's loving friend, she said "He was an angel: if he is not in heaven, who has any chance of being there?" Another striking testimony this to the power of Christian love from a member of that

Church, one of whose priests, as he saw the body of Bedel lowered into the grave, cried out, "May my soul be with the soul of Bedel!" Such love as was Bedel's, makes men leap over the highest wall that prejudice or religious exclusiveness can build around us.

"From sudden death,"—such sudden death as the Litany of the Church of England means—death for which we are unprepared, "good Lord deliver us!" But for such a sudden death as was dear FREDERICK GINGELL's may the Lord PREPARE US, by making us such as he was! "We are all fit to die, if we are in Jesus."

But while we admire and love this beautiful Christian character, we must not forget WHO made him what he was; nor whose likeness it is which drew our

hearts so close to him in life; which makes his memory so dear to us in death; which has led so many to pray, "O God, make me like this blessed Christian!" If the *servant* was so lovely, what must the *Master* be? If the reflection is so glorious, what must be the True Light?

It is because His servants see Him as the world does not, and cannot see; it is because Faith's eye perceives the beauty and the glory, of which the eye of sense can discern no glimpse, that His servants love Him. "Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; BUT YE SEE ME." It was CHRIST's purity that we loved in this dear young man; CHRIST's divine compassion; CHRIST's unselfish love; CHRIST's gentle, loving, tender, sympathising spirit;

CHRIST's truth and righteousness ; CHRIST's Divine image, reflected in His disciple — not his own. “ Of HIS fulness have we all received, and grace for grace.” “ In HIM are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.” It was because FREDERICK GINGELL “ walked in the light of HIS countenance,” — because he had “ fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ,” that he became what he was.

O, my reader, follow him as he followed Christ ! Be real with God ; for He is a real God. He is a true Saviour. He is the Ever-Present Spirit. Read your Bible honestly ; pray over it earnestly ; seek for guidance fervently ; put your hand into God's offered hand, and He will guide you with His counsel, as He guided him,

and afterwards receive you to His glory ; as, we doubt not, He *has* received him.

And is not “the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus,” to which he was called, of which the eternal purpose and grace of Christ made him sure, and for which he is now waiting, among the “spirits of just men made perfect,”—is it not a prize worth striving after? Is it a little thing to live for ever? to live with Christ, in His presence, and in the full “fruition of His glorious Godhead?” Is it a little thing to be made like Him, who is the likeness of God? Do those words mean but a little, “As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us?” Is it a small blessing in store to have for our companions, in

that new earth “wherein dwelleth righteousness,” the pure, the loving, the meek, the gentle, the wise, the good? The pure completely purified; the loving perfected in love; the meek, without any remains of natural anger to overcome, without even that slight struggle to which the uplifted eye and the slightly-heightened colour testified; the gentle, never ruffled by a passing gust of natural irritation; the wise complete in heavenly wisdom; the good filled with the goodness of God? Is it a small thing to be free for ever from trouble, from sorrow, and from pain? from those doubts and fears which make even the brightest of earth’s skies sometimes an April sky, —in which a shower is chased away by sunshine—a short-lived gloom fleeing

before heaven's returning and triumphant light? Is it a small thing to look forward to a world *filled* with such men as was our dear young brother? not men regenerate, indeed, in their spirit, yet carrying the "infection of nature" to the end, but men renewed, sinless, transformed, transfigured, glorified, *both* in body and soul—their very bodies spiritual and instinct with Divine life and Divine purity, as their souls were, even here, in part? Is it a little thing to be "for ever with the Lord," and with His Father's blessed children—His own most dear and holy brethren—our own beloved and loving friends? Is all this little? Is all this a small prize, and one not worth striving for?

Oh, that God would enable *all* to

strive, and run with patience ; and then, on the day when we shall see our beloved friend again, we shall see him receive "the crown of righteousness," with all those who "love Christ's appearing;" and we also shall be made, as he now is, "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

On the occasion of his brother-in-law's last visit to London, Frederick told him, in the course of conversation, that, though he had no fear of death, he had a dread of the act of dying. From the fear of death he was already delivered. Simple trust in the atonement had taken that away. He who by His own death "destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil," did also, by that death, "deliver those who, through

fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Of the consequences of death this young Christian had no dread. He knew that Christ died for him, and that to die was to go to be with Christ. But he had, and confessed that he had, what most Christians feel, a natural shrinking from the separation of this soul of ours from its body—the forcible divorce of those wedded companions. There was One who heard that conversation, who saw the inmost heart of that young disciple. God knew that it had been once the wish, as it was also the hope, of Jacob's heart, that his much-loved Joseph—the son of his beloved Rachel—should perform the last act of love, and close his eyes. That God, who knew the heart of His servant,

came to him, when he was about to leave Canaan, and go forth into Egypt to meet his long-lost son, and said, "Fear not, Jacob, to go down into Egypt; for I will be with thee . . . and Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes." That same gracious and considerate God heard the uttered thoughts of FREDERICK GINGELL'S soul, and was better to him than all his fear. He never knew what the act of dying was. It was translation rather than death. His spirit was caught away from the body; one moment he was alive, well, bright, happy, showing kindness; the next, he was ascending to the presence of his Saviour, as we doubt not, under the guidance of those ministering spirits, "who are sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation."

*The following Address (unfinished),
written in Pencil, and apparently
intended for Publication, was found,
after his Death, in the Pocket of his
outer Coat.*

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—*Matt. xi. 28.*

MY DEAR READER,—Does it ever come across your mind that ere long you must die? that you must give up all that to you in this world is dear, and for which you live? Oh! my friend, do you ever realise this? I know you believe that all around you will die; but do you actually feel that you yourself must depart, and that you are here living with talents in your

hands, for which also you must give account as to how they have been laid out? Do you realise the awful certainty of death, and the fearful termination of that life which has been given up to self and to the gratification of selfish desires? Oh! my friend, think, ere it be too late, of the future before you; of the glorious home which you may gain, if you will only "run the race that is set before you." Oh, to think what a prize to try for! Heaven, with all its endless beauties, with more happiness than it can even enter into the heart of man to conceive!

My friend, think ere it be too late. Put to yourself the question, without further delay, "Am I prepared to die, supposing death were to seize me to-day?" Supposing you were touched on the shoulder, and told, "This day is your last on this earth, you have but

one hour more to prepare for eternity," what would be your feelings? What would you think? Would not the shock almost turn your whole mass of blood? Why should this be? *Because you fear death.* And why should you fear death? Only because you have not lived for God, and in the love of your Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave up His own life that you might have everlasting life: who was crucified and suffered all the agonies of the Cross out of love to *YOU*, that *you* might be saved, and have everlasting life. Oh! to think of this priceless love. Must you not have a heart of stone to resist such love, and to say, as you do by your daily life, "I will not come; I will not go to Heaven, and enjoy all the glories of Heaven: I will go to everlasting death, with the devil and his angels?" Would you not think

a man a madman who did or said this? Yes, you would. And yet you are, in fact, saying this very thing. You say, "I hate everything that is beautiful. I love everything dark and wicked, miserable and wretched."

Oh! my friend, this world's pleasure is like a bubble, which will soon burst: to seek it is like grasping at a sunbeam. What peace does it leave behind? What joy will it afford when we come to lie on our dying bed? Oh! talk not of joy or peace from worldly pleasure at such a time. It is like the hoarse mocking of the evil one below, who has led you on to this, and now leaves you, with all the awful terrors of an endless eternity of misery and woe staring you in the face, forsaken by God, and forgotten by men.

*The following Letter was written to
a Young Friend on his Ordination
to the Ministry of the Church of
England.*

MY DEAR W.,—I cannot resist writing to you at this most important epoch of your life.

You know not how much I sympathise with you on this occasion. You have my humble prayers, as well as *best* wishes on your behalf, that all may be for God's *glory*. It is, indeed, the greatest event of your life—your entire dedication to your Saviour and *His* work. Oh! what a *glorious* work! You may, indeed, be prouder than any of earth's

princes. To be a soldier in the great army of Christ our Saviour is no mean office! It is a great army, and, thank God, many faithful men are enlisted under that heavenly banner. I envy you your work. I know not (I say it from my heart) any one which I so much—shall I say covet? as that of a *faithful* minister of the Gospel; one who goes about ministering to the poor and needy, comforting the afflicted, and offering free pardon and salvation to all, healing the broken-hearted, softening the mourner's grief, and advising the widow and orphan in their distress.

It is, indeed, a matter of thankfulness to God that He has put it into your heart to enter His service.

My dear friend, have Him ever before you in all you do or say; think what

He would advise, and think for whom you are speaking, and that immortal souls hang, as it were, on your faithfulness in the cause you have undertaken. It is as we see those *act* and *feel* who *preach* to us that they *influence* us. I am certain that no really earnest, faithful man preaches in vain. We have the promise, that if we sow the seed it *shall* bring forth *fruit*. God never broke His word. Sow, then, "beside *all* waters." Never be ashamed to speak of Him who has done so much for us. A word here and a word there are but little seed; they will, however, bring forth a rich harvest, if sown with prayer and faith.

Let your fellow-men, your flock, see that your *whole heart* is in the work on which you now enter; and that your one and constant anxiety is for the salvation

of their *immortal* souls, that you may bring them to serve under the same Master who has done so much for you ; in fact, persuade them to see that life or death are before them, with no middle course, and your work will, indeed, be prospered by God's Holy Spirit resting upon you.

Forgive me if you think I am writing you a lecture. I write only what my heart dictates, and out of love to you and to the work you have undertaken.

It is the work my heart has been in now for some years. I wish earnestly it had been much more so. I could regret having done so little,—in fact, not anything scarcely in my Master's service : but regrets are vain. It is for us to go *forward*, ever *forward*, *onward* and *upward*, until we pass the clouds of

time to enjoy the bright sunshine above, and receive the welcome message, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

If we only do our duty, we can receive His reward,—by Christ's merits, not ours.

Forgive me again, I say, for the boldness of my thus addressing you. Receive it in the spirit in which it is given.


Burn the letter, but

Believe me to remain, as ever,

Your sincerely attached friend,

F. W. GINGELL.

The following are Extracts from Letters written to Members of his Family after his Decease, giving testimony to the Opinions formed of him, and the estimation in which he was held by various Friends.

NE consolation you have that I believe few have in this world; and that is, that he was well prepared to obey so awful a summons. I never have known any one who, I believe, has endeavoured in every way so truly to do his Heavenly Father's will, as dear Fred: and not only tried, but, I truly believe, succeeded, as well as

mortal can; and who, I believe, is reaping the rich reward promised in Holy Scripture."

2. "I never remember meeting any young man to whom I felt myself more drawn. His countenance—so like that of a departed friend with whom he now is—betokened so much goodness and truth, that I quite longed to have him as a friend. It seems another among many like instances, in which God takes the best from us, just when they have gathered love round them, and *before they are spoiled*, to let us see what Heaven's society will be, and make us long for it. Do you remember the conversation we once had about the instant manifestation of Christ to the souls of the departed? He took a deep interest,


I saw, in what we were then saying ; but how much more he now knows than any of us !”

3. “ Poor, dear Fred ! there was no young man I ever *respected* so much ; for I never knew any one so strictly conscientious and good. I envy him his life ; and I think I may say, his death, too. No one, humanly speaking, could have been better prepared for so awfully sudden a call.”

4. “ The last time I had the pleasure of speaking to him, it was upon the value of life ; when he expressed himself that it was only valuable as it was useful, and that it would be a happy reflection in a dying hour to feel that we had lived to a useful purpose.”

5. I feel as if I had lost one of my own brothers. For him I cannot be sorry. Nothing that I could say could do justice to his character. There must be few, indeed, like him ; and he can ill be spared. His love, honesty, and purity I have *never* seen equalled in any young man. I feel that I can only revere him at a distance."

6. "I only knew him, as it were, publicly, in his public and neighbourly Christian efforts ; and his faith, and zeal, and love, in the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ, and for the spiritual welfare of his fellow-creatures, indeed shone forth. Our East of London has lost in him a true Christian philanthropist, and an influential example. The remembrance of his Christian character, of his lively faith,



and the unmistakeable fruits of that faith, and the assurance of his present exaltation and bliss, must be more precious than thousands of gold and silver."

7. "I never saw or spoke to him, but I felt he was a man of no ordinary stamp: nor will his sudden death be without its value, in speaking to my conscience while I live; to live daily in the discharge of duty which he studied to fulfil. I know how ill we can spare him from the district in which he unostentatiously laboured; but it is a consolation to all his sorrowing relations that he was dearly beloved: because he followed his Master's example in loving the poor."

8. "I knew his amiable and loving

spirit, and how much he was beloved by all who knew him. I well remember a most interesting conversation that we had together in the train, when he was on his way to the Continent, which satisfied me that he was looking to his Saviour, and *Him* ONLY; and what a blessing for you to reflect upon,—to *feel sure* that he is now in glory; ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.’”

9. “I think that, to doubt his eternal happiness, would be to discredit the Scripture promises, which the Saviour has left on record for the comfort of all who believe and hope in His name.”

10. “With our finite wisdom it is

difficult to see why a life so valuable to the poor as his should be so soon cut off. Looking, however, with a prayerful spirit, I trust you will all appreciate the kindness of our Heavenly Father in taking unto Himself one too pure to struggle long without exquisite pain with the dross and wickedness of this world. He has certainly lived long enough to leave behind him a *mark* for the example of us all. In his case the purifying fire of a long, painful illness, was not needed, because he was always ready."

11. "I cannot doubt that, remembering what he was in his Christian faith, which, to me, seemed both genuine and strong, you 'sorrow not as those that have no hope.' Few of those whom I

have had the privilege of knowing were, in my humble judgment, more amiable, or personally calculated to win and ensure regard and affection. To those yet more intimately associated with him, I feel assured he must have been dear indeed."

12. "You have the consolation of knowing that he is enjoying the rewards of a well-spent life here below, which was spent in doing good to others. I liked him so well, that the sorrow I feel is next to that of losing a brother."

13. "My sister and I were both struck with the sweetness of his spirit, and could not help remarking to each other that we thought he seemed like one ripening for heaven."

14. "For my own part I can conscientiously say, that I know no one whom I esteemed more, and whose friendship I valued more than his. He was, indeed, a *true Christian*, and one who devoted himself, soul and body, to his Master's service."

15. "What a delightful reflection to you all, that his mind seemed to dwell so much on heavenly things!"

16. "Without the slightest doubt he is transplanted to that better land for which, from his daily walk and conversation, he was evidently preparing."

17. "I had many times met him in committees and meetings in connection with Spitalfields and neighbourhood, and

in particular the Green Street Ragged School, and had so learned to value him for his Christian kindness and earnest solicitude about the welfare of the children (by whom he was very much loved), that I cannot forbear expressing my deep sense of the loss and sorrow we all sustain in his early removal from this life."

18. "When I think how good he was, how fitted for the great change, I cannot bring myself to say 'Poor Fred !' for I feel, indeed, that great is his gain : but this very goodness makes one deplore the more his early removal from the sphere where he was doing so much good, and setting so bright an example. May God grant that, as he comforted others in the time of distress, you may find comfort in your great and sudden affliction."

19. "We all loved him so much ;— who did not, who knew him ?"

20. "The tidings that one's best and dearest friend (and such your dear brother was to me) has been suddenly called away, brings no slight sorrow, no passing regret, to him who was proud to call him so. Dear, kind, good Fred ! would that we were all as ripe for heaven as thou wert ! I loved him so dearly, and owed him so much."

21. "You know that both myself and my brothers and sisters have always looked upon dear Frederick as an elder brother, one that we could both look up to and love very, very much. Few, indeed, are prepared to leave the world as he was. When he has talked to me

about his projects and interests, I have always thought how deeply spiritual his mind was, and how often have I envied his unselfish heart! May his mantle be left on earth, and may we all share it!"

22. "While living, he was a sincere Christian friend to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and an example both to young and old in his religious principles and kindness to the poor."

23. "He proved himself so true a Christian by his labours and devotion of time and money in the cause of the poor."

24. "I feel it such a privilege to have known him. The last time I saw and spoke to him has been so impressed

on my mind. He and you came out to see us before he left Scotland, and I see him still, standing up before me, giving me a sketch of a sermon of Dr. Guthrie's he had heard, and his remarks on Brownlow North's prayers. His deep, spiritual enjoyment of them, struck me so that the impression is ineffaceable. I felt so humbled before him — he so young, and yet so holy."

25. "You will have the consolation of knowing that he was not only loved and esteemed by all who knew him for his amiable and obliging manners, but that he himself loved his Saviour, and loved to work for Him. I have had many marks of his kind little attentions, and been much gratified in little conversations I have had with him."

26. "Great is the affliction, and *largely shared* by all who knew him, the poor especially, to whom he was such a friend. His memory will be sweet and cloudless to us. I always felt it *good* to be with him, and stimulating. We shall miss his influence in the parish — oh ! so much ! May the Lord bless his departure to those who are left, and may others be raised up to fill the *great void* he has left !"

27. "Happily you have the comfort of knowing that, if any young man ever was ready to go, he had made himself so; and I can most truly say, that among all my friends of my own age he was far the fittest; and I pray that, when my own time comes, I may feel myself to be treading in his steps, with half his fer-

vour and simple belief. It is the greater sorrow to me, because I had always liked him better than any one else here, and had hoped that in time I should have come to know him really thoroughly, and have learnt to admire his goodness as it ought to be admired. Still, even as it is, I can never forget him."

28. "To say that I entertained a warm and affectionate admiration for him, is to describe the least of my own feelings, and I believe of all who had the pleasure of his friendship; and we cannot but feel that those traits that so bound him to the hearts of his friends, and his zeal in his Master's service, give the strongest consolation in this most solemn dispensation."

29. "No one can tell the kindness and affection he has shown to me and to all of us. He was indeed a true friend ; but he was also a real, loving servant of Christ : and I can only rejoice that he is now with that Master whom he so faithfully served, though his loss will be a grievous one to me and all who knew him. I feel that God puts in the sickle when the corn is ripe ; and it is a blessed comfort that he was, without doubt, ready to go."

30. "Poor fellow ! Although comparatively young, he was a model to *us all* of Christian virtues, and would, if it had so pleased the Almighty, have been an increasing benefactor to the neighbourhood."

31. "In the loss of so valued a friend as I always found him, we must console ourselves with the reflection, that as it had been his wish through life to endeavour to walk in the steps of his beloved Master, so he has been called from among us for a wise and gracious purpose, which eternity alone will reveal. His loss to the parish will be deeply felt."

32. "Do we not know how entirely, how confidingly, he relied upon the atoning Sacrifice—upon the love and mercy of the Redeemer? And have we not many and unmistakeable evidences of the progress of the work of grace and sanctification, of increasing love for his Saviour, and greater earnestness and zeal for the best welfare of others? In short, do we not now recall many cir-

cumstances which show that his character has for some time been rapidly ripening for heaven?"

33. "It is a loss in which every one who knew him must feel that they have a share; he was so universally beloved. For him we can only rejoice, as his whole life and conversation showed where his treasure and his heart were. May his life and his death be a stimulus and a warning to us all to do what our hands find to do before *the night* cometh!"

34. "It is a blessed reflection, that he for whose loss we now mourn was beloved and respected by all who knew him. Possessed in the highest degree of the noblest Christian qualities, he had the kindest heart, ever ready to do

good to those who needed, and to lend a helping hand to every Christian and benevolent work. He is now gone to reap his reward."

35. "I cannot realise the irreparable loss which the poor, and the East of London generally, have sustained in the death of one whose uppermost thought was how he might do them good, both as regards their souls and their bodies."

Industrial Schools, Forest Gate,

Feb. 11th, 1863.

To J. GINGELL, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—The Master, Matron, and Teachers of the Forest Gate Industrial Schools desire to offer you their humble and sincere condolence in the recent and

sudden bereavement with which it has pleased the All-wise God to visit you.

We believe that He who has afflicted you by the loss of a dear son will Himself, in so great a sorrow, bear consolation and solace.

The orphan and the fatherless in the East of London have, indeed, been deprived of a friend and parent, whose loss will create a painful void, and whose place will not soon be filled. To you, who have ever testified a lively interest in our Institution and our personal welfare, we can only reiterate our sincerest sympathy.

Signed on behalf of Master, Matron,
and Teachers,

JNO. G. LEARY.

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